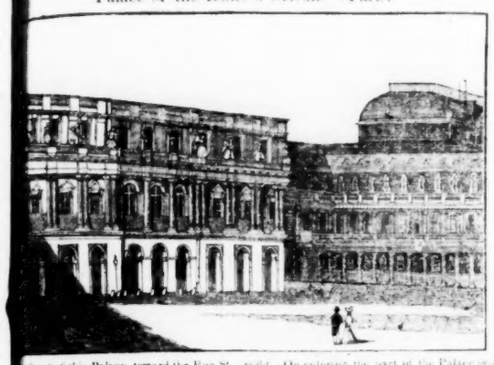
Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. *Philadelphia, April , 1837.* *Whole No. 818.*

Palace of the Duke d'Orleans—Paris.



Front of this Palace, toward the Rue St. ... was built by Philippe, the Duke d'Orleans the destruction of the Opera House. ... has two pavilions, adorned with ... and fine columns, and crowned with ... ments, finely sculptured by Pason, with the ... of Prudence and Liberality on the left ... ment and Strength and Justice on the ... right. On entering the part of the Palace ... cupied by the Duke, on the left of the vestibule ... is the gallery of Virginia, formerly occupied ... as the Exchange, and on the right is the grand ... staircase, which was constructed by Desorgues, ... and is adorned with two statues in bronze. This ... building is enclosed by the Palais Royal.

DRETH'S
iversal Pills.
The continued exhibition of ... the practitioners of the pre... many of them give it in ... to create a new misery ... known to the public, should ... L DISEASE.

TO THE MEMORY

Cured.

Cured.

Cured.

ESTATE.

Cures.

Cured

Letters from Illinois.

Springfield, Illinois, Oct. 28th, 1837.

MY BROTHER,—You still continue inquiring about this interesting country. I am pleased to find you inquisitive, and be assured your inquiries gratify, rather than trouble me. You ask "why is a country rich in soil, and capable of affording even the luxuries of life, the inhabitants are not better off than with you?" I reply, surely they might be with *half* the pains taken with you. From the selfish and extravagant accounts too often given, many foolishly suppose, if they only get here, no matter how, they must without any further effort, at once become rich. Those who carry, or send back an evil report of this land, are of this description. They were good for nothing at home, and they remain the same here. The truth is, while a person may commence here with a small, or even no capital at all, it is requisite that he be *prudent and industrious*, "working with his hands." I do not believe there is a country on earth more favorable to industry than this. Were I a young man, especially a young husband, in moderate circumstances, I would leave my wife a few months in her parent land, come here, get a good farm, plough, fence and plant 10, or twenty acres, build you a convenient cabin, then bring on my family, go to work, and with a merry heart risk the chance of being in a few years *independent*. One hundred dollars brings you 160 acres of excellent land. Fifty will build a convenient and comfortable cabin. *One hundred and fifty dollars* then, will supply you with a good house, *your own*, in a country destined to be chief in America. This is no fiction. But while we view this favorably, we should be candid and tell enough to save all the real objections—to exercise the poor corner of the difficulties attending a removal. Many supply themselves with comfortable houses. I have seen in things of this nature, where I could throw my hat under the roof, and even the logs—gaze upwards upon the stars, or roll about wagging war on the fleas and left with a host of fleas and bed bugs. There are dog for water, then left unstoned or filled. The use of that water is unpleasant and sickening. Those who live above themselves for one sack, and can you wonder? In such circumstances would not any one, any *one sick?* I emales suffer the most [illegible] ly neglected. It unhesitatingly was guilty, neglect in this same snug honesty—the same stoned walls—with the same general care, all of which are in reach, as good as any where else. Economy would attend such a change that may be expected, that they may be overcome in a short time is equally true.

There is a want of saw mills. But this deficiency is in a degree obviated by the owning of [illegible] ing thereby. Excellent boards frames are [illegible] but it is not so easy to obtain [illegible] It would surprise and delight you to see with what facility a good substitute is [illegible] The timber generally is straight, handsome, and of size, from one foot 20, 40, and 60 feet long, which is sawn into 4 or 6 feet logs, then raised into stats any thickness you [illegible] They will free are even. They are [illegible] on one side, and jointed on one edge with [illegible] and then [illegible] ed to the studs or frame and painted, it would puzzle you to [illegible] from sawn and planed clapboards. I [illegible] think it is an advance on the expense—[illegible] were made in the same way. The common [illegible] is not necessarily of [illegible] ness. It is downright laziness, or [illegible] with a bad custom, that [illegible] has not a comfortable dwelling—[illegible] stone is scarce, but it is not difficult to [illegible] for, and [illegible] but half the work. [illegible] saws, frow, hooks, line and haul it.

You would know in the older counties, there is a great supply of mills of every description.

I make mind there are [illegible] here. But [illegible] are not things which cannot be [illegible] and we feel the want of them much from the fact, that we have been accustomed to them. Attachment grows out of habit, and we often love and choose not what is [illegible] better, but that which we have been accustomed and enjoyed. Houses here [illegible] as spacious as with you. [illegible] as comfortable and large enough. Nursing houses, court halls and educational [illegible] are as magnificent. And [illegible] are taught, where ashamed and God [illegible] and worshipped, with as much [illegible] (apparently) as where [illegible] the Bible, the proud [illegible] the wall, and the lowering [illegible] ces. In coming here you meet with [illegible] which some may call privations, is the [illegible] not such as, and may really be such to [illegible] to counterpoise sufficient to balance them, against the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] in basket and in store. But, brother, pardon me where I advise as it not [illegible] and more congenial to the comfort of the [illegible] to plough his own corn" by the strength of the [illegible] than to live in the struggle of [illegible] and toil with a host of fleas and bed bugs. There are dog for water, then left unstoned or [illegible]

To Agents and Subscribers.

☞ Agents who have funds in their hands are especially requested to make remittance, stating the amounts received from individual subscribers, and to collect the arrearages due, agreeably to the terms published in every number. The decision of receipts, by which the subscribers do regularly cause dissatisfaction.

We have again to request that the subscribers will turn to their accounts at the beginning of the new year, and see if there is not something due the printer.

An immense amount is due, and ought long since to have been paid. We shall be compelled against our inclination, to discontinue the papers to many who are long in arrears—and hope they will then take the hint and make satisfaction.

Many of our subscribers, who have paid agents for their papers discontinued unexpectedly, they will attribute it to the right source, the neglect of agents in transmitting the funds.

In general, it is supposed, each one knows about what is due. It is hoped that each and every one will pay up.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, April 1, 1837.

AGENCIES.

Mr. Wm. A. Farrer, our worthy travelling agent is now engaged in the counties of Pennsylvania, west of the Susquehanna. We bespeak the kind attention of our friends in that region to his requirements, and hope they will hold themselves ready with the reply that speaks all languages "—Dollars.

Charles S. Hand is appointed agent at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Benjamin Swann is appointed agent at Bristol, Pennsylvania.

OUR FRIENDS AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

are particularly requested to account with *J. M. Campbell, Esq. P. M.* or such agent as he may appoint. Several persons have volunteered their services as agents, but being strangers to the publisher, they are not authorized to receive even names due us.

STOP THE SWINDLER.

We have learned that a man calling himself G. WOODRUFF, said to live now in Georgetown, near New York, has been representing himself as the agent of Atkinson's periodicals, and has passed upon the town in Monroe county, offering subscriptions for the S. E. and Casket. All persons are cautioned against trusting this personage on our account. All payments made to Woodruff will not be acknowledged by the publisher. Subscribers at a distance should be careful in paying their dues to strangers unknown to act as agents.

European Correspondence of the S. E. Post.

Some time since we entered into an arrangement with a gentleman of this city, on the point of leaving for Europe, securing to ourselves and our readers a regular correspondence from that quarter of the globe. We have received four letters from this gentleman, which will be published in regular succession, from the first letter, commencing this week. Were we permitted to mention the name of our correspondent, his literary reputation is well established, here and abroad, the reader would need no other inducement to their perusal. As we are restricted from this, the letters must even stand the test of their own merits.

The plan of our correspondent, as to travel, one countries of England, hitherto but little known or inaccurately described to the inhabitants of the United States. His letters from this quarter, will contain descriptions, chiefly of the social and domestic manners of those countries, from thence he will proceed to the Netherlands, and finally through part of Switzerland. A weekly journal will be kept regularly during his progress, and observations made for the elucidation of themes respecting atmospheric phenomena &c. Extracts from this journal will be regularly furnished to us.

We have it now in our power to resume our original course of engravings for the first page of the paper, which has been commenced in the number of to-day. The difficulty of working off on the double cylinder Napier press, has hitherto limited a certain absolute, which to the head and neck of the workmen as it might well demand.

FIREMEN'S PARADE.

A brilliant sunshine and serene sky were a satisfactory accompaniment to the annual procession of the Firemen of the City and County of Philadelphia, which took place on the 23d.

The street through which it passed were crowded by the citizens eager to catch a glimpse of the spectacle, and the windows of the buildings presented an equally exhilarant host of the fairer part of creation. The strains of martial music from the various instrumental bands accompanying the line, the regular and measured sound of the engine bells, combined to create a scene, which for animation, was rarely surpassed in this city. The engines, hose carriages, and several groups of children who had attended the gallant firemen from the suburbs, habited in the garb of Tucks, Indians, &c.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

SONG.

"AWAY, AWAY, TO THE PERI BALL."

BY JOHN S. DE SOLLE.

Away, away, to the Peri Ball,
Where Music's soul is sounding,
And every heart, at the gladsome call,
With joy is merrily bounding.

Away with the thoughts that night, in its sadness,
brings!
Would we mock such blessed Heav'n-sent gladness,
Would we pluck out a plume from life's too hasty wings,
And o'er its wrinkles strew downy ess roses?
Then away, away, to the Peri Ball, &c.

Away with the griefs that Time hath dropp'd in his flight!
Oh! such, like a flood, o'er all is ondly stealing—
Would we raise in the blush of Memory's sunniest light,
The sombre hours that else were Care's revealing?
Then away, away, to the Peri Ball, &c.

Dear Mirth's eye shines in every laughing face,
And feet like notes from ruby lips are dancing;
There Beauty's smile is theirs with Beauty's grace,
And beaming eyes o'er all are brightly glancing.
Then away, away, to the Peri Ball,
Where Music's soul is soun ding,
And every heart, at the gladsome call,
With joy is merrily bounding.

HOW TO GET A LETTER FROM THE POST OFFICE.

The Irish Squire's Page.—By Samuel Lover.

Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me, said the squire, one day, to our hero.—Yes, sir.

You know where to go?—To the town, sir.

But do you know where to go in the town?—No, sir.

And why don't you ask, you stupid thing?—Sure I'd find out, sir.

Did n't I often tell you to ask what you are to do when you don't know?—Yis, sir.

And why don't you?—I don't like to be troublesome, sir.

Troublesome, you!—said the squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

Well, well, mount he, go to the post-office.—You know the post-office, I suppose?—Yes, sir; opposite the well gun-powder.

You're right for once, said the squire, for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter.

Yes, sir, said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the door of the post-master, for that office, carried on a brisk trade in groceries, spirits, tea and tobacco, and miscellaneous dry-goods, Andy accosted himself at the counter and said,

I want a letther, sir, if you plase.

Who do you want it for?—said the post-master, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression on the sacredness of private letters, as he thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the jesting impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

I want a letther, sir, if you plase.

And who do you want it for?—repeated the postmaster.

What's that to you?—said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity (and soon he could not tell what letter to give him) told him he had not the direction.

The direction I got was to get a letther here, that's the direction.

Who gave you those directions?—The masther.

And who's your master?—What consarn is that to yours?

Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me your name, how can I give you a letter?—You can give it if you like!—but you're fond of impudent questions, because you think I'm a countryman.

Your master must be a great goose, to send such a message!—Had you no impudence?—said Andy,—is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?

Oh, Squire Egan's your master then?—Yis, are you advising to say again it?

Have you ever seen me before?—Faith I never see you before, nor again if I have my own wishes.

I won't give you any letter for the squire, as I don't know you to be his servant. Is there any one in town knows you?

Faith, said Andy, it's not every one is as ignorant as you.

Just at this moment a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known; and the shrewd post-master, that the account he gave of himself was true.—You may get both the squire's letter.—Have I one for me?—Yes, sir, said the postmaster, producing one.—Impudence!

The new comer paid the postage and left the shop with his letter.

Here's a letter for the squire, said the post-master.—You're to pay one shilling and sixpence postage.

What sort of a pay-master is he?—For pos-tage.

To the devil with you.—Didn't I see you give Mr. Denny a letter to-day since the mail, and a bigger letter than this, and now you want me to pay extravagance for this scrap of a thing.—Do you think I'm a fool?

No, I don't think you sure of it, said the postmaster.

Well, you're welcome to think what you please, but I'm certain sure now I have a fourpence to get, so give me the letther.

Not shaking his head this time, said the post-master to the letter, and going to serve a customer with a tobacco-stopper.

While this person, and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop every now and then putting in his head in the way of the customers, and saying, Will you give me the letther?

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last, when he found it impossible to get the common justice of his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man, under the influence of Andy's determined face, he gave no more than the half-crown.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance asked if there was a letter for him.

There is sir, said Andy.

Then give it to me.—I haven't it, sir.

Why do you mean.—He would n't give it to me, sir.

Who would n't give it you?—That old chate behind in the town—wanting to charge double for it.

Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil did n't you pay what he asked sir?—Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated. It's not a single letther at all, not above half the size of a double.—Be Jabers got before my own face for two pence.

You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond!—Bale back for your life, you misbelievin'—and put whatever he asks, and get me the letter.—Why, sir, I tell you he was before me, before my face for fourpence a piece.

Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you as if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you taken to the tarnepoult.

Away then Andy made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was serving the squires for each, from a pecuniary view that he reserved him on the counter, at the same time, as the shop customers were waiting to be served.

I'll attend to you by and-by.—said Andy.—I'll attend to you by and-by.

The gentleman is in a hurry.—Let him wait till his betters serve.

He'll murther me if I'm not back soon.—I'm glad to hear it.

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to those around, he secretly, Andy's eye engaged, that letters, that lay on the counter, without certain weights, if wafers and tobacco were going forward, he continued to become possessed of two pence from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough, until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the massive directed to his master.

Then did Andy, beatride his hack, and, in throwing all his weight on the postmaster, rolled along the road home said as fast as his back could carry him.—He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and as if self-satisfied superiority in his manner over the unfortunate to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up the notes from the bottom of his pocket, and selecting three letters over his head, where he could n't reach at that; he next slapped them down under his hand, but on the table before the squire saying,

There, if he did make me pay eleven pence, to get it brought your honour the worth of your money any how.—*Idem.*

From the N. Y. Evening Star.

HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

James.—Good morning, Thomas, I have not seen you an age before; how do you manage to keep your head above water these hard times, for I am pretty near being drowned, I tell you.

Thomas.—Why, James, my wife and I make out to swim along, though it requires a good deal of care and management.

James.—Care and management won't mend these times, I know so a man might as well give up trying, and live by begging, borrowing or stealing, for nothing else will save us.

Thomas.—Come, James, I don't like to hear you talk so, even if you are jesting.

James.—It's no jest, Tom, I tell you, 'tis a bitter truth. Why, what can poor men do, when the rich have every thing their own way.—They re-raised the prices of every thing—flour twelve dollars a barrel, wood twelve dollars a cord, rents extravagant, and every kind of provisions double what it used to be.

Thomas.—The rich men have no more to do with it than you or I. If you want to quarrel, go to the farmers and kick and buffet them for not bringing forth good crops on their fields last year; tell them they are a set of rascally, lazy drones, because they did not destroy all the fly in the wheat, had taken a good coverning of snow for it in the winter and fine growing weather for it in the summer. Then grumble because our cities are so rapidly increasing in population, that their forests have been cleared for miles and miles around them to provide wood for the people, and it has become so scarce and high priced that in all the States they are beginning to dig for coal, because there are so few trees to cut down, and then go to the ships loaded with emigrants, and tell them to go back to their own country, for they create such a demand for houses, as to make those without tenants hard to be got, and the rents of course very high.—The rich men are not in fault here, and indeed if it were not for them what would have became of hundreds of poor wretches this winter, who are fed and clothed by charity. We would be worse off without wealthy men, I tell you.

James.—I don't believe this, not I, why Tom, I can't argue the matter with you, but I wish you would come to some of our meetings, and you'd hear it proved beyond doubt, that the rich are the cause of all our poverty and our misery, and that the country would be ten times better off without them.

Thomas.—You could as soon make me believe that they caused the cholera, or that you can pump water out of a dry well, as to believe either the one or the other. Why, James, suppose there were no such men, where would we all find employment? I am sure, if it were not for them, you would not sell chairs enough in a year to find you in clothes. And I know that I should have to let my tools lie on the shelf very long, and pretty often too. No, James, all grades and stations, trades and callings, must live and let live, for one can't do without the other. The rich could not do without the poor, and the poor would be still poorer without the rich. The times are hard to be sure, but its my maxim that a man may get along the muddiest road, without getting in over his shoe tops, if he will only take heed to his footsteps and keep a sharp look out.

James.—I wish you'd show me how to get along, Tom, for I'm deep in the mire and don't know how to get out. I used to think myself better off than you, for my wages as a journeyman were higher than yours, and besides this, my father left me something to begin with. I don't know how it is, but I am over head and ears in debt. I owe the baker, the butcher, the landlord and the grocer, and the worst of it is, I cannot pay them. How do you manage to keep up?

Thomas.—I must tell you in my own roundabout way, so you must not get out of patience, if it is a long story. As I find the money, I must buy with myself first, although my wife is the minister of the management. First, I send strictly to my business, keep out of taverns and grogshops both day and night, and spend all my evenings at home. And all the money I earn I give to my wife, and she lays in all food and clothing. I take some credit to myself for making such a choice; she was a tidy, active and thrifty girl, and I thought she would make a good poor man's wife. Nobody ever saw her with sick goosin or lawdy artificials, but she always looked as sweet, as clean and as fresh as a rose-bud just opening into full bloom. I used to feel very proud of her, when sallaning her from church on Sunday's—her cottage bonnet, which she always bleached herself, was as white as any lady's in the land, and tied under her chin with a single band of green ribbon, her neatly fitted calico or gingham dress—her snow white cambric cape, or white muslin shawl, and her neat silk and stocking made her look more "scrumptious" to my eyes than all the silks, the satins and the furbelows in the city could have done. It was a happy day, James, when I married her, but I have seen still happier ones since, for every day that I live, I have cause to thank God for such a treasure as she is to me. And as an old saying, James, but a true one, that a man and his wife must both pull one end of the rope, and, indeed, if they only get hold of the right end and pull it the right way, all will go on brisk enough. A good wife is a prize, I tell you, and if I had not had such an one as I have, I might have been to this time, a poor drunken vagabond.

About a year or two after I was married a man, who was a fellow apprentice, returned to the city, and hired a house next to mine. He was a good-natured, lively fellow, and for old acquaintance sake, I often dropped in to see him after my work was done. He was very fond of all kinds of gatherings, groups of men around the tavern door, evening clubs, political meetings, &c. and he was also very fond of discoursing about public men and government, and thought he knew now every man should act, from the President down to the street sweeper. As much talking generally produces much thirst, he often called for a glass to moisten his organs of speech, so as to set them going afresh. I too, began to love the excitement of politics, and believing some new thing, and to follow the example of treating and being treated to the entertaining potions. One night three or four of us were seated around a table at a tavern, engaged in a warm discussion, and the latter was beginning from time to another and the former to become quite inebriated. I had no idea I was a brandy-drinker, that I was more affected than the others, and had to be carried home. My wife was still up anxiously waiting my return. When they knocked at the door she opened it, and as soon as they laid me on the floor, they struck away to their own miserable wives. Mary, said she, did not offer a word of censure and reproach, or lecture me next morning, but put me to bed. The next morning when I awoke, there was a distance in the far night under my bed-side to myself. I ventured to steal a glance at my wife to see if she were awake. Tears were trickling down her cheeks, and her red, swollen eye-lids and pale countenance showed that she had been bitterly weeping for my sin and degradation through the live-long night. As soon as I stirred she turned her face towards me, and rising my head, addressed me with the tenderness of an embrace, showing me the precipice upon whose verge I was treading, and beseeching me, with all the earnestness of affection, to shun ere it was too late. She pointed to our dear boy, sleeping in his little crib beside us, and told me what would be the inevitable effect of such a wretched example. I was melted into contrition, and promised never to touch a drop again, and *I have kept my word.* I felt so much self reproach, when I first awoke, that I could not have borne hers, and had she scolded or used harsh language, my mortified pride would have rebelled against it, and from a wicked spirit of opposition, I might have been driven to continue my downward course. But, God bless her! her gentle affection and judicious kindness saved her from the ruin.

And it was she that taught me how to be saving. Whenever I use to receive a great sum of money, there was always this thing or that thing that I wanted to get for myself or my wife.—Nothing that we actually needed, but little self-indulgences, that I thought I could afford, because I happened to have plenty of cash on hand. But whenever I proposed any thing of the kind to Mary, she would say, "But, husband, don't you think it would be better, now we have a little money before hand, to get a barrel of flour, a hundred of meal, a box of soap, and a box of candles, for you know we can get these so much cheaper and better by the quantity—our else we might use the sum in beginning to lay up our stock of wood, for it comes hard upon us to have to buy it out wood in the winter.—I always took her advice, for she was more provident and thoughtful than I was, and I have found the benefit of it. She was looking ahead, and laying up something or other for winter, which you know is an awfully more or less hard times with poor people.

James.—I guess you find it hard times to buy flour by the barrel now, for 12 dollars is a good round sum to take out of a laboring man's purse, at one time and for one article too.

Thomas.—We manage this part pretty easily as we do without it. We've bought no flour by the pound or barrel, since it got above six dollars. We can't afford a higher price than this.

James.—I suppose you do as we do, live on baker's bread.

Thomas.—You are mistaken there, James. I will give you a notion of our daily fare, and you will then see one reason why we find it easy to get along, and we live well too, I tell you.—We rise pretty early for the winter time for you know the days are so short that we have to make the best of the working hours. My wife and I get a good deal done before breakfast. As we do well two meals a day in winter, we are in no hurry to eat our first one. As to the third meal, tea, or supper, which ever one may call it, very few people stand in need of it. It is eaten mostly from habit and to me it seems to be a sin to eat when you are not hungry, but only for eating sake. Rising early and working at a *soft* gives me a keen appetite, and I am always glad to hear the call to breakfast. But indeed even the sight of our table would make even a dyspeptic feel hungry. My wife has a knack of making every thing look tempting. The clean white table cloth shining with the gloss of the smoothing iron; the white earthenware plates, whose glazing is polished by the towel until it looks like a coat of glass, and the brightly cleaned knives and forks laid beside them, sets off a table fit for the king to set down to. As soon as I come in, Mary places in the middle a dish of smoking hot Indian cakes, light as a feather, and baked a delicate, beautiful brown, and then pours me out a cup of good coffee. I could a man wish for a more breakfast than this? It makes me feel hungry to think of it. My wife knows how to make sour or five different kind of cakes and bread out of Indian meal, and I don't know which is most delicious. They are all as far before your dry and husky baker's loaf as a cookie is before a stale sham biscuit. And then our dinners—they are very plain, but a *too* particular one is not more nicely cooked or served up. I know. I only indulge myself with a joint of meat twice a week, but every other day we first set down to as nice a dish of soup as you could wish to eat, and then we have placed before us a large dish of the best potatoes. Now, Mary knows how to cook a potato, and that is what few people do. I have seen some men sitting down with a plate of water-soaked, waxy potatoes before them, and a little dirty salt in a cup or broken cup, and I have pitied their fare from my heart. Why, it's no wonder they complain of hard fare. Mary has her salt cellars all filled with clean snow white salt, nicely scrubbed every with our little bone salt-spoons, tastefully stacked out by the side of the dish, with the spoons lying across them. And the potatoes—it would make your mouth water to see. Mary knows the very nick of time when they ought to be taken up, and when they are to be eaten—and whether they are roasted or boiled, as soon as you break the skin or it cracks open of itself, they look as white inside as snow-balls. These, with a pitcher of pure fresh water, make up our second meal, and with good health and good appetite it is a royal one. Whenever I return thanks to God, at the close of our meals, my heart swells with grateful feeling, for all the good things with which He has so bountifully provided us.

James.—Well, Thomas, I believe you follow the only way of making hard times easy. Industry, economy and good managements will work miracles, sure enough, and I must try to lead a different life. I wish instead of running about here and there, to listen to the n ews barranguing about the hard times, and trying to make us poor men feel more bitter and discontented under them, that I had attended to my business, and tried to make the best of them.—Spouting about the scarcity won't make things more plenty, that's clear, but if we listen to it, it will make us still greater sufferers, for the more time we spend, the less money will be coming in. I don't know how it is, Thomas, but when I listen to these speechifiers, they make me feel wicked and devilish, and ready to do any thing, I don't care how bad it is. They make the table all rich men, and feel as if I could cut the throats of every one of them. As the are they most make me dislike my own country, too, its government and its laws, for instead of representing it as a prosperous, free and independent nation, they tell us that every thing is going to ruin, and that our laboring men are held in bondage very by the laws made by the aristocracy. And yet they tell us they are our friends.

Thomas.—I hold no man to be my friend who tries to make me discontented with my lot, and excite evil passions within my breast, which may lead me into rebellion and crime; these maddened passions may fill our prisons, but they will not feed or clothe our perishing families.—The suffering produced by the scarcity is great, but men have increased it tenfold by their own willfulness or improvidence. The times are hard, it is true, but let us all be temperate, industrious, saving and managing, and we will then find *hard times made easy.*

WOMEN NUTMEGS.—A tarnal clean trick was carred upon a feller in Market street, a day or two ago. A tall, slab sided Yankee, as keen as a North West wind from the Green Mountains, who come all the way from Swanington in way of Sagadahock, in hunting up chaps to trade with, strayed into that 'ere long street with the high sheds in the middle on it. After parading up and down some time, with his eyes open which way, he entered one of them 'ere stores where they sell jack knives, and fishing lines, and razors, and tooth brushes, and clothes brushes, and notions and nick nacks, and what not?—Hallos, Mister, said he to a feller behind the counter, with a goose quill behind his ear, "do you want to buy any tools you have? I've got some that's clear grit; none of your cussed cast steel stuff, such as the regular pedlars run into one of your cotton mills of New York, but real hickory hark, with a little iron in make it pockery, like Amzi Nabby's axe. It's real Myrtle Peruvian, Sola and what-d'ye-call. All the gals in our town use it, and it makes their jaws look like a stone wall just whitewashed, and their breath like a breeze off the top of the crater. The feller behind the counter hollered out, I tell ye! What's the matter with your head? Five dollars a gross, and never a complaint of the cracker, said the Yankee, pulling a box out of his pocket, merely turned out of town number, with a label on the lid, printed on red paper with a border of roses and vines, and flowers all round. Besides that, the back was wrapped in a printed paper, containing certificates from lots using the powder, and certificates and recommendations as long as sermon! Parson Wilkins says that he never had the right kind of a tooth brush before, and that he always uses it, morning and evening, and he is considered the whitest man in all Connecticut. I read the directions and certificates, and was convinced that it was genuine, and so agreed to take ten gross, to be sold for six cents apiece. The customer took him right into an inner room, and paid me down the cash in a drawer in one end. He then went out and took further judgment, and in about an hour or so, returned, chuckling a nigger button full of the real genuine tooth powder, warranted sound, and to last for ever. I was pleased with my bargain, and left the customer counting out paper and dollars, and he promised to call on me in a few days and settle for the rest of the article.

The feller soon discovered his own humbug mistake, and the gals and young fellers, and in short all the town, were more or less after me, and I began to grow rusty, and to think of leaving the city, when things began to look a little blue. His customers came back in crowds, complaining that his boxes would not open. He took off the lids, and lo! instead of powder, they were filled with a sort of a composition, which, when applied to the teeth, would not brush off, but stuck on like a piece of putty. Our customers took him right into court, and I was obliged to leave town in a hurry. I have not been back since, but I hear that he is doing a thriving business in the tooth powder line, and that his customers are all in a state of grinning delight.

Swamp Mud.—Were farmers to pay more attention to draining their low lands, they would find it much to their interest. Separate from the advantage of rendering their low lands dry and productive, much manure of the first quality might be taken from the ditches and spread upon fallows and other uplands, rather than to be left to waste. It knows that to be good, as the case in New York. The celebrated Abbey Bee, and many large ones in which they have no cows, procure their manure in this way. The vegetable matter collected in the ditches, and which cannot without considerable labor be drained, these frequently become dry during summer, when large quantities of manure might be taken out of them. Good farmers will look carefully to these things, but some that are now in the possession, may not be aware of the importance of such deposits, and a hint from us may not be considered amiss.

To make Mattress.—Mix three measures of warm water with one of honey, in quantities sufficient to fill your keg or barrel. If a new egg will not float so as to show the size of a twenty five cent piece and more to the top, put in more salt or less water, and stir it until it will—perhaps a dozen—then put it into the keg. When cold, pour it into your bark, add a little sour cider, ginger being of course in the mixture. Shake well before you use it. In a few days it will be a fine drink. Two wine glasses will make gentlemanly talk.

The cask should be full, and the more air in it the better the mattress will be, as it is the air that makes the bubbles.

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

PROPAGATING THE PEACH.

1st. We gather the stones in the fall, which we bury about an inch under ground, (high and early ground is preferred, as the pits will sprout early in the spring, spreading singly but as closely as you can, in order that the frost may have its full effect upon them. The best time for putting them in the ground, is the last of October, but any time in October or November will do.

2d. *Preparing the Ground for the Young Trees.*—Select a rich and middling dry piece of ground, which if very rich, will do without manuring, but if not, manuring is indispensible. Short and old manure is the best, and it cannot be too much rich dirt be mixed therewith. I think all the better. The manure should be spread along in furrows, which should be made with a plough four feet apart. If any other manure be added after, I would recommend lime or ashes. The ground should be ploughed as well as harrowed well in the first place.

3d. *Transplanting*—This should be done as soon as the pits begin to sprout in the spring, by dropping them about 8 or 9 inches apart, and covered about an inch or more deep. Some (and very-men let the young sprouts grow 6 or 8 inches high before they transplant them, but the former way I think the best. The young trees should be plentified and freed as often as necessary, in order to keep them free from weeds and grass, say three or four times each, the last not be are budding, and not afterwards that season.

4th. *Budding.*—Select from the healthiest trees the scions for the buds you wish to propagate, cut off the leaves and keep them in water, at least the butt ends, (those buds that have three leaves are the best. They may be kept in this manner 3 or 4 days. Then take the scions and bud, holding the butt end downward, enter your knife about half an inch below the bud, and cut upwards about a quarter of an inch above the bud, taking the wood with it, and then cut across the twig, deep enough for the bud to come off, then with the point of your knife take out the wood from the bud, then make a transverse cut in the stock to be budded, about three or four inches above the ground, first trimming off the leaves and limbs about six inches above the ground; from the middle of this cut make a slit about half an inch downwards, then with the point of your knife, open the bark on each side of the slit, by the transverse cut; enter the lower end of the bud therein, bearing it down with your thumb and finger till the lowside of the bud comes just below the first transverse cut, then with bark or yarn, wind below and above the bud, in order to keep close to the wood. In twelve or fourteen days the bandage may be removed. The time of budding may be from the 20th of August to the 20th of September, sometimes later sometimes. In the following spring when the buds grow three or four inches long the old stalks should be cut off about an inch above the bud. In the following fall or spring you may set out your orchard, putting the trees about twenty feet apart. The ground should be rich and dry, not sorungy. Manuring is unobjectionable, unless the ground be very rich, and corn or potatoes may be planted among the trees, with benefit to them for three or four years.—*Hart. Register.*

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To the Ladies.—It is said if you will thrust into a bowl full of apple-toddy, or any other hot drink, a small bit of white flannel, the flowers immediately disappear. The operation is performed in a very short time, and at a moderate expense.—The cards should be kept tightly enclosed and covered down, whenever it comes by the smelling of the hose.

New Latin School Books.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INN-KEEPER AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman—Hollos, house!
Innkeeper—I don't know any of that name.
Eng—Are you the master of the Inn?
Innkeeper—Yes, Sir, please your honour, when my wife is n't in liquor.
Eng.—Have you a bill of fare?
Innkeeper—Yes, Sir, the furs of Mellinger, and Ballinasloe, are next week.
Eng.—I see.—how are your beds.
Innkeeper—Very well I thanks to you, Sir.
Eng.—Have you any mountains?
Innkeeper—Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.
Eng.—I mean a kind of wine?
Innkeeper—Yes, Sir, all kinds—from Irish white wine—buttermilk—to Burgundy.
Eng.—Have you any porter?
Innkeeper—Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter—he'll go any where.
Eng.—No, I mean porter to drink?
Innkeeper—Oh, Sir, he'll drink the ocean—never fear him for that.
Eng—Have you any fish?
Innkeeper—They call me an odd fish.
Eng—Egad I think so! I hope you are not a shark.
Innkeeper—No, Sir, indeed I'm not a lawyer.
Eng—Have you any souls?
Innkeeper—For your boots or shoes, sir?
Eng.—Now, have you any place?
Inkeeper—No, Sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.
Eng—Have you any wild fowls?
Innkeeper—They are tame enough now, Sir for they have been killed these three days.
Eng—Humph! I must see myself.
Innkeeper—And welcome, Sir. I'll fetch you the looking glass.—Exit Innkeeper.

OYSTERS AND OYSTERMEN.—Is it true? must certainly. A friend tells us that in passing through the arcade a few evenings since, he overheard the following conversation between two individuals, one of whom was evidently a stranger from the west.

"Where those things oysters we eat down to that cellar?" said the stranger.

"To be sure they were—was the reply—what else should they be?"

Well, I'll be hanged, if I did not always think that oysters were long legged things with feelers on em.

To Let—Fountain Green Hotel,

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